THE

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# Statutarian.

A

# POEM.

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——— *Vir bonus eſt quis?*
*Qui conſulta Patrum, qui leges juraq; ſervat.*
Hor. Ep.

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*LONDON:*

Printed for *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1714

Price 3 d.

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Qui consulit Patrum, qui leges jurag; tuetur.
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# POEM.

*Britannia*'s Heroes, who ſtill dauntleſs ſtood
With fix'd Reſolves to do their Country good,
Who glorious Dangers in fierce Battles fought,
And with alike Succeſs as Courage fought,
Recorded ſhine in the bright Liſts of Fame,
And gain, what they deſerv'd, a laſting Name.
Now, ſince the Tempeſt of the War is o'er,
And *Europe* ſleeps in Calms of Peace once more,

The mighty Bleſſing, grateful Bards, reherſe,
In gladſome Numbers and exalted Verſe.
Some paſt Tranſactions to Remembrance bring,
And ancient Love and ſincere Friendſhip ſing:
Others their Thoughts to loftier Subjects raiſe,
And fire the Muſe with their Creator's Praiſe;
In boldeſt Flights the World's laſt Scene diſplay,
And paint departing Nature's farewel-Day.
A Theme yet unadorn'd employs my Song,
From envious Silence long ſuſtaining Wrong.

The pious Man, who leads a College-Life,
Free from diſdainful Pride, and hateful Strife;
Who has in View no private Ends of Gain,
Chaſte in his Words, and in his Dealings plain;
Who Merit cheriſhes, where e'er 'tis found,
Nor lets it paſs with due Rewards uncrown'd;
Who to his Statutes for Direction flies,
And on their juſt Intention ſtill relies,
When anxious Doubts his troubl'd Breaſt annoy,
Controul his Peace and damp his uſual Joy;

Who

Who Virtue's Cauſe defends with utmoſt Might,
Pays Vice with indefatigable Spite,
And does Himſelf, the World and Juſtice Right;
In Strains uneqnal I attempt to ſhow,
Uncommon Worth and Conduct far below.
Yet He, if one can ought aright preſage,
Of future Times, and each ſucceeding Age,
In late Poſterity ſhall find Renown,
By Verſe immortal, ſafe tranſmitted down.

Thoſe ſpacious Structures bord'ring on the Sky,
Sacred Munificence has rear'd ſo high,
Deſign'd to animate induſtrious Youth,
In ſearch of Learning, Piety and Truth.
Int'reſt, an Imp of the infernal Kind,
With Faction and Oppreſſion cloſe combin'd,
At Pleaſure governs with imperious Sway,
While Peace and Juſtice unobſerv'd decay.
Here Science once her fit Aſylum choſe;
Here Arts enjoy'd an undiſturb'd Repoſe;

Here Virtue ſhone moſt exquiſitely bright;
Here Wiſdom glitter'd with diſtinguiſh'd Light.
But now, oh! now their fading Glories own
Change of Affairs, and Management unknown,
Till modern Worthies dar'd new Paths to tread,
Foreign to thoſe of the illuſtrious Dead.
They wiſe as gen'rous, as diſcreet as great,
To make their publick Benefits compleat,
Sure Rules in wholeſome Precepts left behind,
To regulate and fix the wav'ring Mind.
In vain ——Injunctions ineffectual prove,
Nor Oaths nor Conſcience can the Caitiffs move;
Thro' all they break, to Senſe of Duty loſt,
And in a Sea of raging Paſſions toſt.
Thus the wild Steed bounds o'er the duſty Plain,
Nor can the Curb his ſwift Carreer reſtrain;
The baffl'd Rider impotently ſtrives
To turn his Neck from whence his Fury drives;
The manag'd Bit, his wonted ſure Support,
Becomes now uſeleſs, and the Courſer's Sport.

Here, Ye great Founders whoſe religious Aim
Your ſumptuous Fabricks with loud Voice proclaim,
To whoſe capacious Souls and heav'nly Zeal,
To ſave Mankind, and ſerve the Common Weal,
Their Worth, our *Oxford* and our *Cambridge* owe,
With leſſer Nurſ'ries, that hence Learning know,
The forward Muſe into your Praiſes runs,
Nor the vaſt Theme, ſhe can't illuſtrate, ſhuns.
For what ſurprizing Energy of Thought
Can equal that your Piety has wrought?
We beſt in ſilent Admiration view,
What vainly Fancy labours to purſue.
So flies the Painter with officious Pace
To draw the *Venus*, he diſpairs to grace;
Limns beauteous Charms and Features here and there,
But far beneath the unexampl'd Fair:
Succeſsleſs Art and fruitleſs Pains confeſs,
He try'd, what Pencils cou'd not well expreſs.

Thoſe

Thoſe lofty Piles, that now your Glory ſtand,
Muſt fall at length by Time's devouring Hand,
Blended with common Duſt unnoted lie,
And be diſtinguiſh'd by no prying Eye,
Whilſt, mighty Shades, your Names ſhall long ſurvive,
In ſweet Remembrance ever be alive.
But with Applauſes far above the reſt,
Delightful Name! ſhall *Wickham* be careſt.
With raviſh'd Joy will after-Ages ſcan
The ſhining Actions of the God-like Man,
Till by their dazling Luſtre quite oppreſs'd,
They're forc'd to leave what they admir'd beſt.
So devout Indians Adoration pay
To *Phœbus* glowing in his bright Array;
With Pleaſure view the firy Charioteer,
In all the Charms of joyous Light appear;
Tranſported gaze away their wond'ring Sight,
Wrapp'd for a Time in the dark Shades of Night;
And hence confounded with Regret decline
The glaring Object they account divine.

O happier Times, and more auſpicious Days,
Brighten'd by Virtue's more refulgent Rays,
That ſuch conſpicuous Heroes did adorn,
Not for themſelves, but for the Publick, born!
Then Gold was ſpent, not vilely kept in Store,
In noble Uſes, worthy the rich Ore;
Then courted Honeſty in Robes appear'd,
And Truth was lov'd, and Innocence rever'd;
Then skilful Poverty Succeſs obtain'd,
And Induſtry, with Eaſe, Advancement gain'd;
Then ſordid Av'rice, Defamation ſaw,
And Brib'ry felt the Laſh of righteous Law.

See now, the ancient State of Things revers'd,
Mankind in Crimes of deepeſt Dye immers'd,
Byaſs'd by ſelfiſh Principles alone,
To All profeſſing Kindneſs, Friends to None;
Degen'rate Wights! with inbred Baſeneſs taught,
To value moſt, what Goodneſs ſets at naught,
Prone to defame, but backward to commend,
Whoſe Talents moſt to diſperſe Scandal tend.

In publick Domes for ſacred Knowledge built,
The hopeleſs Wretches propagate their Guilt,
Their Bounties not by Reaſon there diſpenſe,
But by the Dictates of unerring Senſe;
To their juſt Precepts no Obſervance give,
By whoſe large Benefactions 'tis they live,
Perverting what mere Gratitude demands
Shou'd be protected by good Hearts and Hands.

To check this Torrent of o'erbearing Ills,
That cloyſter'd Manſions with Diſtraction fills,
The Zealot and the Patriot both combine,
And in the *Statutarian* jointly ſhine.
With holy Rage and pious Wrath inſpir'd
By Oaths, by Honour and by Conſcience fir'd,
Boldly He dares his ſingle Self oppoſe
To the ſuperior Strength of num'rous Foes;
Neglected Statutes ſtrives to bring in Force,
And turn the Stream into its proper Courſe;
Aſſerts the Juſtice of his Founder's Will,
Extolls his Worth and magnifies his Skill;

With

With ſtubborn Goodneſs combats wayward Vice,
And choaks the Springs, too apt to give it Riſe;
Try's with dread Menaces to work on ſome,
To others chuſes with Requeſts to come;
Inſpects Elections with peculiar Care,
And to his Pow'r adjuſts the nice Affair;
Sure with becoming Cenſure to aſſail
Thoſe foul Corruptions, that then oft Prevail;
Unmov'd by open Threats, or covert Wiles,
By Grandees haughty Frowns or humble Smiles,
His Favours there impartially lets fall,
Where true Deſert and virtuous Morals call;
And by Diſcretion, not Opinion, ſway'd,
Into no baſe Compliance is betray'd.
Triumphant Gold, that all things elſe ſubdues,
Here to no Purpoſe for Preferment ſues;
Th' inſidious Bait with avow'd Scorn he ſpurns,
And at the Sight with Indignation burns.
The ſhocking Thoughts of Perjury controul
The honeſt Courage of his manly Soul,

In hated Inactivity ſuſpend,
Till weightier Cares the ſad Reflections end,
So when *Æneas* burning *Troy* beheld,
A ſtoniſh'd on the Flames a while he dwell'd,
But ſoon the Means to ſave *Anchiſes*'s Years
The Heroe rouze, and wake his ſleeping Fears.

No ſpecious Knav'ry, like Religion, dreſs'd,
Can ought impoſe on his ſagacious Breaſt;
His piercing Judgment the Deceit deſcries,
And ſtrips it quickly of its fair Diſguiſe;
Sets in full View the Poiſon hid within,
Remarks the Treach'ry, and condemns the Sin.

When lawleſs Faction, with divided Sound,
Like an impetuous Deluge, ſpreads around;
To ſtop it's Rage, and ſtill the wild Uproar,
And baniſh'd Unity again reſtore,
Collected Force and Pow'r he ſtrait imparts,
And unattempted leaves no likely Arts;

In deep Concern the ruthful Sight ſurveys,
Revolves it's Birth, and it's ſwift Progreſs weighs;
Sooner than join with the rebellious Race,
Gladly wou'd meet his Fate, and Death embrace.
Such, renown'd * *Nich'las*, when Sedition rent
Thy ſolt'ring College, was thy great Intent.
With growing Honour ſtill you kept your Poſt,
Then leaſt unſhaken, when aſſaulted moſt.
Oft did bleak Envy meditate Thee Harm,
As oft thy Virtue did her Sting diſarm:
Tho' the Fiend prov'd malicious to the laſt,
You ſtood ſecure from her infectious Blaſt.
While you preſided, the contentious Crew
Deſpair'd to ſee thoſe Schemes ſucceed, they drew.
Alas! you Guardian Genius now are gone,
And they their black Deſigns ſtill driving on!
Reflecting on thy harraſs'd Life I grieve,
Thy Death increaſes what it can't relieve.
Oh! had here Heav'n indulg'd Thee longer Stay,
Th' hov'ring Deſtruction had been ſwept away;



* The late Warden of *Winchester* College.

Intangled *Wickhamists* had then been free,
And triumph'd in thy Praise, restor'd by Thee;
Ev'n Thou hadst past thy last remaining Scene,
In happy Rest, and peaceful Thought, serene.
Wond'rous good Man! aloft thy Fame shall soar,
And Myriads hence thy sacred Name adore;
Thy solid Worth, the abject Tribe cou'd blame,
Shall clearer grow by their egregious Shame.
So, when a sparkling Diamond is plac'd
Midst common Stones, with no bright Glories grac'd,
The pretious Gem amazing Rays bestows;
Whilst acquir'd Splendor from the Rubbish flows.

Goddess return, thy Province reassume,
Nor longer mourn thy Friend's retrieveless Doom.

Behold! yet more the *Statuarian* brave;
He scorns with Custom to be once a Slave.
Tho' Ages past have blindly took on score,
What others blindly did perhaps before;

With

With Toil inceſſant, he the Search attends,
Nor thro' good-natur'd, doubtful Faith, offends;
Cautious to ſee in the laborious Queſt,
If ſound at Bottom, it will bear the Teſt,
Looks on, as Eaſe, Examination's Pain,
And runs it thro' with laudable Diſdain.

Thus far has the illuſtrious Man been ſeen
Acting his Part with a Majeſtick Mien,
Above the little Shifts, that moſt employ,
And mutual Love, and ſocial Peace deſtroy;
Here only his diffuſive Goodneſs bears
Thoſe ſpecial Marks, admir'd Diſtinction wears.

When by commanding Statutes he is told,
He muſt no more his wonted Honours hold,
Still tender of thoſe Oaths, he once has took,
And watchful not their Purport to o'erlook,
Tho' Paſſions plead to ſtay ten thouſand Charms,
Bravely regardleſs of the falſe Alarms,

His

His lov'd Recess he quits without Debate,
To live with Freedom at a guiltless Rate;
Chearful and pleas'd resigns his alien'd Place,
With Heart expanded, and erected Face.

O Pow'r of Conscience! Did'st thou then preside,
And humane Actions, by thy Influence, guide
To what Perfection wou'd the World arrive?
How wou'd Vice languish, and how Virtue thrive?

Hail, Glorious *Gard'ner!* Thee may *Oxford* boast,
And wast thy Praises to each distant Coast,
Who wisely govern'st with deserv'd Applause
And in thy own, maintain'st Great *Ormond's* Cause.
To him, thy self, and slighted Statutes just,
Thou toil'st to answer thy important Trust.

His

elighted *Ormond* ſmiles with graceful Pride,
o ſee his ſplendid Place, ſo well ſupply'd.
hen *Oxford* ſung, with ſolemn Pomp, of late,
eſettl'd Peace, and *Anna*'s better Fate,
icentious Scandal thou forbid'ſt to ſtain,
ith bareſac'd Paſquils, the Gown's awful Train;
hat no polluted Streams at all might ſpread,
nd ſeem to murmur a foul Fountain-Head.
ad'ſt thou prevail'd, its Champions then had
Shone,
ith Beams as ſtrong as the Meridian Sun;
heir juſt Encomiums to the World had rung,
nſtead of loud Detraction's ſilenc'd Tongue;
ilenc'd (Oh dire Misfortune!) but a while,
rm'd Indignation only to beguile.
Luſt of Scandal! Ignominious Trade!
To hide known Beauties in ſurrounding Shade;
ith ſly Reports and wily Hints to rail,
here Conduct plainly is not ſeen to fail;
ut with unbounded Freedom to traduce,
here humane Frailties are expos'd by Uſe
Hard

Hard and injurious is poor Virtue's Lot,
To be no ſooner practis'd, than forgot;
Whilſt the leaſt Error proves a laſting Blot.
Thus *Ariſtides*, and thus *Phocion* far'd;
With tranſient Fame long Obloquy they ſhar'd;
Blacken'd, aſpers'd, exil'd and then forlorn,
For ſhort-liv'd Praiſe, endur'd immortal Scorn:
Tho' much they had confirm'd the *Athenian* State,
And by no grand Miſcarriage ſtirr'd ſuch Hate.
*Oxford*, do thou to thy true Arts repair,
And ſlight falſe Wit with a ſuperior Air;
Since bleſt by *Gard'ner*, is thy fav'rite Seat
Th' harmonious Muſes make their ſoft Retreat.

Proceed, great Ruler, in thy larger Sphere,
The Wiſe and Good thus always to endear.
Tho' Envy hiſs and Malice Poiſon ſhed,
Yet lo! by ſprightly Emulation led,

Others

Others intent to thy Example tow'r,
With labour'd Efforts and exerted Pow'r.
So gen'rous Squadrons, when th' imbattl'd Field
Sees warlike *Ormond* their Intrenchments ſheild,
Eager th' accompliſh'd Gen'ral's Footſteps trace,
And proſecute with Vigour Honour's Chace;
Their livelier Blood darts ſwift thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Hearts beat quick, and Spirits flow amain.

*FINIS.*

FINIS.

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